JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION-IT MUST HE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

NEW SERIES .-- VOL. 7, NO. 17.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 805.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

The SERTING is published every Wednes-day, at Ravensa, Portage county, Ohio. by, JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Personum, payable in advance,
46 46 if paid within the year,
48 44 if paid at the end of the year,
48 44 if paid at the end of the year,

He pape reliconstituted until sit afroarages are p A failure to notify a discontinuance at the exp as of the time subscribed for will be consider

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Over three weeks and tess than tirge months, 25 ears per aquare for each insertion.
Oblivary notices exceeding eight lines, 50 cents per All trape ent advertisements must be paid for in savance

Special sotices before marriages and deaths, eight cents par line for each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALPHONSO HART,
Attorney and Counseller at Law. Office in Seymour's Block, over Pob & Brother's store, Ravenna, Ohie. [January 4, 1889.

J. L. & H. C. RANNEY, AMorneyand Counselorant Law. Officeon Mainst. P. B. CONANT,
Atterney at Law. Office No. 3 Phoenix Block Ra.

J. DEMPSTER HORTON, Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Also General Cellection and Insurance Agent. Office in the Court House, Ravenna, O. [Apl. 14, '59-

LUTHER DAY, Attorney at Law. Office in Phenix Rick, Main Street, second entrance up stairs, over H. L. Day's Store, Ravenna, O. March 17-1v.

McCLURE & SPALDING.

McCLURE & SPALDING.

Atterceys at Law, Ravenna, Ohto. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phentx Block.

March 24, 1859.

TAYLOR & WILLARD, B. B. TAYLOR. Atterneys and Connections at Law. Ravenna, Ohto.
Office in Phosuly Block, over Coffin & Planey's
Stere.
[Oct. 21, '58-iv.

BROWN & WOODWORTH, Attorneys and Counsollors at Law. Office in Pho-aix Block, directly over the Store of A. G. Com-& Co., Raveura, Ohio. [Feb. 24, 18:9-1y.

MICHAEL STUART. Atterney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public.
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Deeds, mortgares and all legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Pensiens and Land Warrants obtained.
April 15, 1838.

C. S. LEONARD, M. D.

E. L. MUNGER, M. D.] [G. M. PROCTOR, M. D. MUNGER & PROCTOR. Physicians and Surgeons, Shateraville, Portage co Ohio. (April 11, 1800-19

A. BELDING, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over D K. Wheoler's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, on Main Street. Residence on Cedar Street. Ravenna: November 23, 1859.

G. W. ESSIG. Mason, Plasterer and Camenter, is prepared to per-ferm all binds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. White-washing attended to. He may be found at his residence on Chestnut at. Mayence, April 18, 1860-13

BAIRD & WAIT, Bealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c. Swift's Building, Main street, Ravenna, Ohlo.

H. L. DAY. Bealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. Grocerie

J. T. GREEN, Besler in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furs, etc., No. 3 Phoenix Block, Rayenna, Ohio. JOHN C. BEATTY,

Bealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceriespets, etc., No. 5 Phonix Block, Exvens, O. VANCE & HINMAN,

L. W. HALL & SON, Goods, etc., Democrat Bul ding, Ravonna, C. D. W. GOSS & BRO.,

Bealers in Staple and Fany Dry Goods, Groceric Hardware, etc., Kdinburg, Portage co., Ohlo. POE & BROTHER. Sealersta Stapleand Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made lothing. &c., north side of publicaquare, Ravenn

STREATOR, DAILY & CO., Bealrs in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crocker Hadware, &c, Shalersville, Portage county, Ohio CURTIS HATCH.

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AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,

By CHARLES E. SWIFT. BY CHARLES E. SWIFT.

PINT PINT JARS, GLASS PRUIT JARS, ONE QUART PRUIT JARS, TWO QUART PRUIT JARS,

MANOTE BUNG STRINE TA

Meat Market. THE subscriber would inform the public that he still continues to (supply his custome hilly with FRESH MEAT of all descriptions at h farket, under the Grocery of C. A. Pitkin, on Mai Navens J ly 11, 1980 ty.

INSEED OIL and Paints of all kinds for

Moetical.

The Land of Dreams.

There's a strange weird land whose shores I've tro Full many and many a time; t's not of earth, nor the land of our God, But a faint and shadowy clime; It may not be seen in the glare of day, When the sunlight comes on us in streams, 'Tis the mystical land of dreams.

When wearled the body and saddened the soul, When earth seems a dark vale of gloom, When trials, like ocean waves, over me roll, And I almost long for the tomb-Then enchantment of Sleep steals over my sight And my vision with opulance teems, With golden flushed fencies and luminous light In the mystical land of dreams.

The fairest of scenes to the eye are unfurled. And the clearest of rivers flow. The brightest of suns on those magical fields Throws its warm and its cloudless beams— The choicest of fast the rich soil ever yields, Of the mystical land of dreams.

And when the spent sun has withdrawn his fair fac-And the dews of twilight distil, When night wraps the scene in a mantle of grace And silent are woodland and rill; Then the tender eyed stars in the blue-vaulted heave Display in their silver-tinged gleams. Such glories resplendent as only are given

Is the mystical land of dreams. And sometimes I meet on that peaceful affore, Pair forms of those that I love-Of those I shall see on the earth no more. They are gone to the bright scenes above. and often with them do I walk once aguin, When sunset is flashing its beams

O'er the beautiful vale and far-reaching plain. In the mystical tand of dreams. When the ills and troubles of life are forgot Where is found an eternal calmthere the wished-for Fountain of Youth, far sought

Ripples forth its healing baim. Fit emblem indeed of that realm serene, Whence retuigence of light ever gleam : Where Purity dwells and heaven is seen, In the mystical land of dreams.

Miscellancous.

Horribic Picture of Labor-The Needle-Women.

describing one of the great mantua-making cient men they would make for the world's establishments in that city, communicates work! How admirably furnished they

eating their food, I was going to say, but ening her mother's burdens, than it is possithe period devoted to work. And this, be it which ever accompanies and succeeds the remembered, is not merely during the busy right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor year round, from January to December; for pose that she can be content with idle hands, the sewing is given out to the slop-workers her strength. Hester, it must not be !" in the busy sesson-and all that is done indoors is the original cutting out and ultimate voice. fitting together of the separate parts; but, when the slack season comes there is alturned to the speaker, who had entered the ways as much sewing reserved as will keep room unobserved, and been a listener to the girls of the establishment employed up nearly all the conversation we have recordto the full pitch-so that there is, in fact, ed.

no "slack season for them. sume to themselves the greatest possible drawn up erectly; her manner resolute. credit They thank God that they are not sors and destroyers of young women. They season-make their people sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning. Oh, no ! another. Maybe I am a little dull ; but ev parative leisure, is mercy itself when viewending, still beginning" slavery to which I I'm willing !" am referring.

The only day of leieure which the girls of said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. 'Girle this establishment have is Sunday. From should be usefully employed as well as boys, Monday morning to Saturday night they are and in the very things most likely to be reas complete prisoners as any in Newgats .- quired of them when they become women in They know not whether the sun stines or the responsible position of wives and mothe rain falls at that time. They are not thers. Depend upon it Effie, an idle girlallowed to pass the threshold even to pur hood is not the way to a cheerful woman chase a pair of shoes or a new gown for hood. Learn and do now, the very things themselves, and must employ their friend that will be required of you in after years, outside to do this for them.

as in any way to reconcile them to this close come hard, and be felt as very burdensome." confinement. The work-room, in which ten or twelve of them are employed, is only self-improvement,' said Mrs. Thornton .about twelve feet square, and is entirely devoid of arrangements for ventilation, which is more to be deplored, as during the evening they have to encounter the heat and foul or sixteen hours in each day, in which mind air of three flaming gas burners right over or hands should be rightly employed. Now their heads, every door and window being let us see how Effic is spending these long shut by which a breath of pure air could and ever-recurring periods of time. Come, possibly enter. The bed rooms are equally my daughter, sit down. We have this subuncomfortable, no fewer than six persons ject fairly before us. It is one of life-long being huddled into one and four into ane- importance to you, and should be well con-

An anecdote is related of an old lady who entertained travelers. Before guests commenced a meal, it was her custom to to get toward the result after which we are ask a blessing in this wise :

"Oh t Lord, make us truly thankful for the tood before us. Nancy, hend round the corn bread first, and the biscuits after .-

TOCKEY CLUB, Verbens and Citronelle Mr. Taswell, observed that his name feat bell rung, replied Effic.

Idle Hands! BY T. WARTHUR.

mid-day hour, and as he went by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineten, lounging on the sofe with a book in her hands. The whirl of his wife's new ing machine struck on his core at the same moment. Without paneing at the parlor, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her some moments without speaking.

Oh, dear ! exclaimed the tree women

letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up, this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance." 'Then why do you sit, killing yourself,

there !' said Mr. Thornton. Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually so-

. What's the matter ! Why do you look so serious !' asked his wife.

'Because I feel serious,' he answered. 'Has any thing gone. wrong?' Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned to dread the occurrence of disaster

'Things are wrong all the time,' was re plied with some impatience of manner. 'In your business !' Mrs. Thornton spoke little faintly.

'No; nothing specially out of the way there; but it's all wrong at home." 'I don't understand you, Harry. What is wrong at home pray ?"

Wrong for you to sit, in pain and haustion over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter founges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wished to say.' 'It isn't Effic's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put

down to household drudgery. Her time will come soos enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may." 'If we said that of our sous,' replied Mr. A correspondent of the London Times, Thornton, and acted on the word, what effi-

would be for life's trials and duties !' Work is commenced every morning at 'You are wrong in this thing-all wrong,' night-a period of sixteen hours, the only and comfort, as you say, if Effic is a right tervel ellowed being about ten minutes for minded girl, she will have more true enjoyeach meal—the total of time allowed for- ment in the consciousness that she is light surely "bolting" it is the more appropriate ble to obtain from the finest novel ever phrase-being forty minutes per day; thus written. Excitement of the imagination is leaving fifteen hours and twenty minutes as no substitute for that deep peace of mind season, as at the West-end, but for all the compliment to Effic's moral sease to supyou must understand that at the establish or to employ them in light frivolities, while ments to which I refer the greater part of her mother is worn down with toil beyond 'And it shall not be !' said a quick, firm

'It shall not be father !' And Effic came And yet for this continued and unrelent- and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was ing presence of eixteen hours' work per day, crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, from year's end to year's end, this firm as through which light was flashing; her form 'It ien't all my fault,' she said, as she laid

as other firms ere at the West end-oppres her hand on her father's arm. 'I've asked mother, a great many times, to let me help never-not even for a few weeks in the busy her, but she always puts me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show their gas is always turned off, in the work- ery one has to learn you know. Mother room by eleven o'clock. Why, sir, the didn't get her hand in fairly with that sew-West end system, with its few weeks of se- ing machine for two or three weeks, and I'm verity, followed as it is by months of com- certain it wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it. I could ed alongside of this unmitigated "never help her a great deal. And indeed, father,

Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter, and then you will have an acquired facility. Nor is the accommodation in doors such Habit and skill will make easy what might

'And you would have her abandon all 'Give up music, reading, society-" 'There are,' replied Mr. Thornton, as his

wife paused for another word, 'some fifteen sidered. How is it in regard to the employ ment of your time. Take yesterday for instance. The records of a day will help us now searching.

Effic sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew chair in front of his wife and daughter. 'Take yesterday for instance,' said the fa-

ther. 'How was it spent'l You rose at seven I think ?' Yes sir, I came down just as the break-

Portiones, for sale by the sence, at: swift's. would be as-well without the T. . And your mother was up at half past five

I know, and complain that she could hardly di all this she was at work Now, if you had rises to self-improvement, or at How was it spent after was the morning spent 31 reskiest 1 How

breakfast.' 'Se fer so good. Wh 'I read The Caval until eleven o'clock.' Mr. Thornton Mool end, and asked after eleven, how was

'I practiced on the pleas an hour after

'I dressed myself "A little after two o'clock." 'An hour spent in dressing.' 'Yes sir.'

Where did you go ?" 'I called for Helen Boyd, and we took valk down Broadway.' 'And came back just in time for dinner

think I met you at the door.' 'Yes sir.' 'How was it after dinner t' 'I slept from three until five, and then

ook a bath and dressed myself. From six until tea time. I sat at the parlor window.' 'And after ten !' 'Read 'The Cavaller' until I went to bed.' 'At what hour ?'

'E'even o'clock.' 'Now we can make up the account,' said Mr. Thornton. 'You rose at seven and retired at eleven. Sixteen hours. And from vonrown account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful-that was the hour spent at your plane. Now, your mother was up at half-past five, and went to bed, from sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half-past nine. Sixteen hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time ?'

And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife. Reading! Don't talk to me of reading! I've no time to read !'

Mrs. Thornton spoke a little impatiently. The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil, did not offect her mind very pleasantly.

'And yet,' said Mr. Thornton, 'you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or wo passed with your books. Did you lie down after dinner. Of course not.

'Nor eit at the parlor window with Effie ? How about that ?'

There was no reply.

"Now the cause is a very plain one," continued Mr. Thornton. 'In fact nothing could be plainer. You spend from fourteen to sixteen hours every day in hard work, while Effie, taking yesterday as a sample, spends about the same time in what is little better than idleness. Suppose a new ad ustment were to take place, and Effic were to be usefully employed in helping you for eight hours in each day, she would still have eight hours left for self-improvement and recreation, and you relieved from your present overtasked condition, might get back a portion of the health and spirits of which these too heavy household duties have robbed you.'

'Father ?' said Effie, speaking through tears that were falling over her face, "I never saw things in this light. Why haven't you talked to me before? I've often felt as if I'd like to help mother. But she never gives me anything to do; and if I offered to help her, she says 'you can't do it. It isn't

all my fault !' 'It may not have been in the past, Effic. eplied Mr. Thornton; but it certainly will be in the future, unless there is a new arrangement of things. It is a false social sentiment that lets doughters become idlers, daily burden of work, and bear it through all the busy hours.'

into the new order of things proposed by her husband and accepted by Effie. False pride in her daughter, that future lady ideal, and an inclination to do herself rather than teach another, were all so many impedi ments. But Bille and her father were both overtasked mother's weary face began to lose its look of weariness, and her languid rame to come up to a more erect bearing. She could find time for the old pleasure in books, now and then for a healthy walk in the street, and a call on some valued friend.

And was Effic the worse for this change ? Did the burden she was bearing with her mother depress her shoulders, and take the lightness from her step! Not so. The languor engendered by idleness that had begun to show itself, disappeared in a few weeks: the color came warmer into her cheeks; her eyes gained in brightness. She post. Looking down Niagara street, his at- was the reply. A few minutes afterwards was growing, in fact, more beautiful, for a tention was attracted by the double rows of his mother had occasion to go to the window. mind cheerfully concious of duty, was lamps which line either side of the beautiful To her surprise she saw Edward in the moulding every lineament of her counte- avenue. Holding on to the lamp post with street, engaged in the edifying employment nance into a new expression. Did self-im- one arm, he made several spasmodic efforts of manufacturing dirt pies. "Didn't I tel! provement stop ! O, no ! From one to to move his hat from his brow, and after you," said she angrily, "not to go through two hours were given to close practice at the several fruitless attempts he succeeded in that gate !" "Well, I didn't, mother," was piano every day. Her mind became vigor. placing it firmly on the occiput. Straight- the very satisactory reply. "I climbed over ous in tone, instead of enervated by idleness, ening himself up he gazed intently upon the the fence !" chose a better order of reading than had scene spread out before him, and gave elsbeen indulged before, and she was growing quent utterance to the following soliloquy : towards a thoughtful, cultivated, and intelligent wemanhood. She also found time, amid (hic) can't get up such splen' 'splay (hic) tion he will, he must necessarily turn his her home duties, for an hour or two twice a no 'ow. Won't it 'leck Linkin 1 (Hic.) back upon half the world. week, with a German teacher, and she began Who says 'twon't 'lock (hic) Linkin ?also, to cultivate a natural taste for drawing. Who is't sez't won't 'leck ol dabe ! Spien' Now that she was employing her hours use- splay. Speck they' re goin' to Black Rock. fully, it seemed wonderful how much time Must be goin' (hic) to Black Rock. Splen' better be paid. Dobbs should not be imper- he returned, growing here she found at her disposal for useful work. | splay. Wish I'm goin'. (Hie.) D'like tinent.

through weariness, the spirits of all.

But now that she was standing up, seifall hearts came back to lighter measure, besting rythmically and in conclous enjoy

Gen. Jackson's Wife-Her Last Hours-Her Tomb. The new volume of Parton's "Life

ndraw Jackson," his the following ac count of the death of the General's wife; On Monday evening, the evening before the twenty-third, her disease appeared to take a decided turn for the better; and she then so exmestly entreated the General to

prepare for the fatigues of the morrow by having a night of undisturbed sleep, that he consented at last to go into am adjoining room and lie down upon a sofa. The doctor was still in the house. Hannah and George were to at up with their mistress. At 9 o'clock, the General bade her good night, went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to lying down. He had been gone about five minutes; Mrs. Jackson was then, for the first time, removed from her bed that it might be arranged for the night. While sitting in a chair, supported in the arms of Hannah, she uttered a long, loud, inerticulate cry; which was immediately followed by a rattling noise in the throat. Her head fell forward upon Hannah's shoulder. She never spoke nor

breathed again. There was a wild rush into the room, of husband, doctor, relatives, friends, and servants. The General assisted to lay her on the bed. "Bleed her!" he cried. No blood flowed from her arm. "Try the temple, doctor." Two drops stained her cap, but no more followed.

It was long before he would believe her dead. He looked engerly into her face, as if still expecting to see signs of returning life. Her hands and feet grew cold. There could be no doubt then, and they prepared a table for laying her out. With a choking voice, the General said: "Spread four blankets upon it. If she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table." He sat all night long in the room by her

side, grieving, said Hannah, and occasionally looking into the face and feeling the heart and pulse of the form so dear to him. Maj Lewis, who had been immediately sent for arrived just before daylight, and found him still there, nearly speechless and wholly inconsolable. He sat in the room nearly all the next day, the picture of despair. It was only with great difficulty that he was persuaded to take a little coffee.

"And this is the way," concluded Hannah "that old mistus died; and we always said that when we lost her we lost a mistus and a mother too; and more a mother than mistus. And we said the same of old masmaster, and many's the time we've wished him back again to belp us out of our little troubles." The remains of Mrs. Jackson still lie in

the corner of the Hermitage garden, next those of her husband, in a tomb prepared by him in those years for their reception. It resembles, in appearance, an open summer house-a small white dome, supported by pillars of white marble. The tablet that covers the remains of Mrs. Jackson, reads as follows: "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel

Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1838, aged 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleaswhile mothers, fathers and sons take up the ing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine Mrs. Thornton did not come gracefully pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor, she was a benefactor; to the rich, an example; to the an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benev olence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A in earnest, and it was not long before the being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Wide-Awake on a Bender-Amusing Soliloguy.

The Buffilo Republic is responsible for the following humorous sketch :

In our quiet peregrinations on Sunday "Splen' 'aplay, (hic) ain't ? Li'l Ginte

feeling so weak How cheerful and companionable she to go, f'my wife (hie) hadn't lock's (hie) up heraelf. But for grew ! She did not seem like the Effie my d-d cape 'n 'at. No bus ness t'lock up Ill breakfast time. Thornton of a few months before. In fact, (hic) my cape 'n 'at an'ow. How's she six, and shared the aphere of the entire household was 'spec to 'leck Linkin if she (hic) won't let your mother's work until seven, you would changed. As an idler, Effie had been a welle 'ev iz cape 'n 'at ! Spien' 'aplay. have taken an hour from ter day's burdene, burden to all the rest, and the weight of 'Speek (hic) the Coo'r' an' Public 'll swear and certainly lost nothing from your music, that burden had been sufficient to depress. 'twa't aplen' 'splay. 'Spress 'll make it all from your music, that burden had been sufficient to depress, 'twa't splen' 'splay, 'Spress 'll make it all sintercourse, through weariness, the spirits of all right. 'Spress all's makes' (hie) all right. right. 'Spress all'e makes't (hic) all right Rab for Linkin ! Tiger-ac ! Rab for Lin enstained, a sharer in the burdens of each, kin sn'ow ! Offe leplay. Douglas fellers nev'r'd such 'splay. Twent' thous (hic) an' torches, Rah for Wide-A'akes! Wish ad my cape 'n 'at (hic.) V' good mind't (hic) gu' drunk; guesa 'id make my 'ife give top my cape 'a 'at. Z'no use 'n livin' w'out cape 'n 'at. Spies' 'aplay. Seven'five thousan' torches, an' Coo'r' an' Public 'll swest 'twasn't over fifteen thous (hic) an'. rem'll make in bel' no

> At this crisis in the sollloguy of the Wide-Awake, one of the night policemen came up and tapping him on the shoulder, asked him to go along with him.

Wide Awake -"How'n h-Il apose a feller iz (bic) goin' 'long w'out a cape in 'at ?' Watchinan-"You're drunk, and I want you to go home with me." Wide-Awake-"Splen' 'splay, an' (hic)

splen' 'splay ! Rah for Linkin !" Watchman (shaking him from his reverie)-"Come, come along with me-you're

in a bad condition." Wide-Awake-"Mi 'ife (hic) 's got cape 'n 'at, but can hold m' oats if she's-splen' 'epiay, ap'ow."

The watchman kindly devoted a few minutes to explanation of matters, but finding that he could not convince the ardent Wide-Awake of his error, he took him home .-The last words of the Wide-Awake, as he reluctantly left the scene which afforded him so much delight, were "Splen' 'splay, splen' (hic) 'splay."

Who Dare !

We put the question boldly-who dare ! There are plenty who dare rush up to the on the street, that deference which he hast- only know Lafayette as the generous friend ens to shower on fine gloved and feathered and complished soldier, could, with pro-"ladies ?" Who dare have it understood priety, take the initiative. At their request among "fashionable acquaintance" that he it is improbable that either the Government. works hard and diligently for a living, and or the relatives, or the other owners of must be prudent and economical to support vaults in the Cemetery of Picpus, would ofhimself, if single, or his family, if he has fer any serious objection.

Thus far we have put the question to men. Where is the Miss or the Madam, in these days, who will not pause is the midst of man who will choose the blunt, honest, the old 'un. Says the Colonel : smooth-faced American, with some civim to solid character for a beau, lover or hus- your daughter's hand." band, rather than a hairy refugee from some European tread-mill or gatley ?

we have inquired about—all honor to them ! again, I'll make my niggers skin you. Mar. There is still some diference for humanity ry my daughter, indeed ! You-" and the solitudes of life, left for the worst times and communities. But our daily exwould "cut" them by reason of the same unwelcome visitor at that house. wretched, a comforter; to the prosperous, badge. No matter how sailed their real characters, their clothes must be clean and whole These courtesies must be reserv ed for gentlemen and ladies-they can not afford to be civil to the common "herd" of mankind. And your "fine lady," she mukeep her hands white and soft, though her husband and father may be on the verge of bankruptcy. "Appearance is everything" -such is the prevailing motto. It is a false, shameful, anti-republican motto. Who that reads this will hereafter stand up against it ? We repeat our question-Who dare ?

Edward, said his mother to a boy of evening last, we run across a specimen of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front the genius Wide-Awake, whose arms were vard. "Edward, you must not go out of that most affectionately entwined around a lamp gate into the street." "No, ma, I won't,"

OTIt is a vain hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direc-

ODDobbs thinks that instead of giving will be home after dinner," caedit to whom credit is due, the cash had "After dinner ! then let per

Young America Abroad,

Edmond About, in his new book, the "King of the Mountaine," gives the followdventurer in Greece :

The first time I saw this strange fellow I comprehended America. John was born at Vandalia, in Illinois. He inhaled at his birth that sir of the New World, so vivacione, so sparkling, and so brisk, that it goes to the head like champilgue wine, and one gets intoxicated to breathing it. I know not whether the Harris family are rich of poor; whether they sent their son to soliege or left him to get bie own education. It is cortain that at twenty neven years in depends on himself, is astonished at nothing, thinks nothing imposible, never filmens, hethings, triumphs in all things, and rises up again if he lalls, begins again if he falls, nev-er stops, never looses courage, and goes right shoud whistling his tune. He has been a farmer, a schoolmaster, a lawyer, a journalist, a gold hunter, seen everything, practiced everything, and traveled over more than helf the globe. When I made his acquaintance he was commonding a steam yacht in the Pirmus, with sixty and four guns; he was discussing the oriental question in the North American Review; he was doing bu-iness with an indigo bouse in Calcutta, and he found leisure three or four times a week to dine with us.

Grave of Lafayette.

A Paris correspondent furnishes a very nteresting account of a recent visit to the omb of the Lafayette family, in the rear of a chapel et No. 35 Rue de Picpus, in Paris. He says :- We asked the guardian why there was not a monument over the grave of La'syette, and he replied that Louis Phillippe (who almost owed his position to La-(eyette) had always opposed any national movement in that way, and that the other families who owned saults there new object te any invasion upon the affected simplicity cannon's mouth, for patriotism or pay; pleas of the place. It is, nevertheless, a disgrace ty who dare do any deed of peril or shame that there is not a single monument in even to bisspheming God-but who, that France, not even over his grave, to the can honestly or dishonestly avoid it, dare memory of this great and pure patriot. In appear in our streets with a patch on the el- France there are so many parties, and so bow of his-cost, or on the knee of his pant- many political opinions, that it is not strange aloons ? Who dare have a "seedy" dressed perhaps, that no one is found to take the infriend, and own him as such before society ! itistive in such a measure, for here the and show her, in the omnibus, the car, and well as friends; but the Americans, who

"Axing for Mer."

Colonel Dick Nash tells a rich story about almost any honest labor, to apologize for "axing for her." In his early days, he was the "fix" she has been caught in ! Where's deeply smitten with the daughter of a week the woman who will promenade our streets thy old skinflint residing in Alabama. The in sught but silks, laces and feathers, if she Colonel, self-confident, of success, arrayed can get them ! Where the women pretend- himself in his best suit, and proceeded to ing to be "respectable" let alone "fashion. | call on the "parience," for the purpose of able-who has not a chronic way of turning obtaining his consent to the consummation up her nose at the idea of domestic toil - he devoutly wished. Matters had all gone who is not seriously shocked that any one along smoothly. Colonel Nash had every should fancy she over visits her kitchen, or ground to hope for success. Finally a connurses her own babies ! Where the we- venient sesson arrived for him to approach

"Squire, my business, to day, is to ask for

"It is, is it ?" What, you marry my gal ? Look here young man, leave my premises There are some such men and women as instants, and if you ever set foot here

The Colonel had left. He saw that the old gentleman was angry. After getting off perience tells us that the mane of "respec- to a safe place, he thought he would turn table" men act largely upon "appearance," and take a last fond look at the home of his -and fear mad dogs less than they do lost idol-when he spied the old man busy. patches. Their credit-many of them be- with spade in hand, shoveling up his tracks ing over head, in debt-would be ruined by from the yard and throwing them over the a single patch ; the "decent" acquaintance | tence! Colonel Nash imagined he was an

Wooden School Slates.

Since the manufacture of wooden nutmage n Connecticut has coased, the people have turned their attention to the manufacture of all sorts of Yankee notions, from patent sewing-birds, in the manufacture of which a fortune has been made, and wooden clocks, in which fortunes have been made and lost, down to campaign medals, of which one manufacturer turns out ten thousand per day. About the last invention contrived by one of these ingenious people is the menufacture of school slates out of wood. Not long ago Mesers. Dean & Munger, of New Haven, Conn., took out a patent for the manufacture of this article, and, from their manifest apperiority over the old stone slate. they are going into almost universal use .-They are made of three thicknesses of yeneering glued together, and covered on both sides with a black coating of just the proper degree of roughness to receive the impression from the pencil, and are then framed in the usual manner. Their most striking peculiarities are their extreme lightness and durability; they may be thrown down, and even stamped upon, without being broken. The same firm also make black-boards with

When will mother be home little child, bursting into tears,